

The News is nine years old today. How do you like the looks of the little cuss, considering the thin diet it has been compelled to subsist on for lo, these many days, and the good, hard rounds of fighting it has been compelled to participate in.

A exchange says man is a curious animal. In some things he is an angel minus the wings; in some things he is the devil, without horns. In many things he is superior to the Tennessee mule; in other things he displays less acumen than the monkey. Sometimes he displays more industry than a colony of red ants; at other times he manifests more inertia than a snail.

If nothing further happens the engine will be tied to all the News presses by Monday or Tuesday. There's barrels of new type, all the very latest styles, rules, ornaments, presses, in fact, there isn't a thing around the News office that feels or looks old with the exception of the editor. He will guarantee to stay out of the way if you will just attempt to swamp the News office with job printing. But, remember, for the time being we want the cash for all work, as paper, stock, freights and wages are strictly cash with us.

A certain Deming bachelor is thinking of gambling himself. He will issue 3,000 chances at \$5 each. The purchasers are limited to women. The holder of the lucky ticket is to have him and the accruing \$15,000, and he agrees to marry her and take her on a bridal trip to the Pan-American exposition. He declares that he is good looking and educated, and that as things go, \$15,000 is none to great a price to pay. This may be so, but the chances are that after the holder of the lucky number gets him she will give \$15,000 more to be rid of him.—Deming Herald.

A rather unusual case is now before the courts of Arkansas. A negro is under a sentence of death for committing a criminal assault upon a white woman. Since the trial the woman has confessed to having sworn falsely against the negro, having been coerced into doing so by her husband. After hearing this confession the governor granted reprieve of thirty days in order to allow judicial action. The court, before which motion for a new trial was had, has overruled the application, saying that the woman's testimony was unreliable. A final appeal of the case will be taken to the supreme court.—Ex.

NEW GOLD FIELD

A Monster Ledge, Containing Rich Gold Ore and Silver Discovered Within Four Miles of Prescott.

Indications are that Prescott will have a mining boom right under her nose, if a recent strike just west of town proves to be permanent. For a great many years Willow creek and its tributary gulches have been spasmodically worked for placer gold, and some very rich patches of gold-bearing gravel has been found. A number of quite good-sized nuggets have also been found. While a great many have predicted that some day a good quartz ledge would be found, there has been little systematic prospecting made for the discovery of it. A few days ago a ledge was discovered said to be over 100 feet wide and samples gave an assay value of \$250 per ton in gold and silver, and yesterday morning George H. Schuerman, George Henry, Thomas Houlihan, Jack Sparks, James Turnbull and F. G. Plummer located four claims on it and sent men out to prospect it. The new find is not more than four miles from Prescott, and if it proves to be as big as surface indications promise, it will not be long until we see a booming camp here.—Prescott Journal-Miner.

Sounds pretty good to us, as we have pretty good interests in two of the best properties in that section. We have been trying to get some fellow to gamble a couple of thousand dollars with us for a year past, but the very fairness of the offer scares them to death. If one will get up a stock scheme for a million or billion they all bite, but when an honest, business proposition is talked to these fellows they run from it. We have always said there's just as good mineral west of Prescott as south of it.

The Scum of Society.

"Third Notice." Every editor has received them. The postmaster is not to blame. For instance, there is a man named Tom Short who sent us three notices to stop his paper; he did not want it any longer. We wondered what was the matter. Upon investigation of our subscription list we found Tom was Short \$2.50. He had never paid a cent, yet he stopped his paper as a matter of economy—to us. A few evenings ago we stepped into church and Tom's melodious tenor rang out clear in that soul-stirring song, "Jesus paid it all."—Exchange.

Sensible Advice.

A few days ago the Republican printed an editorial on the impropriety of praying for rain, supplications having gone up the day before from many churches in Kansas. They were not answered. Last Sunday, in accordance with a proclamation issued by the governor of Missouri, prayers were again offered throughout the state that the drouth might be broken. The only thing broken that day was the heat record. The impropriety of praying for material things has been pointed out. If such prayers could avail anything, thousands would not die annually in India of famine and the plague would be conquered; there would be no wars; there would be none of the things we do not like; there would be no sickness and death, and consequently no Heaven. If in our wisdom we could have the things we want by simply asking God for them, this world would be chaotic with a conflict of gratified wishes. We are nowhere taught to supplicate Heaven for what we may imagine to be earthly blessings.

A famous hymn-writer has sung: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Unuttered or expressed."

We believe that there can be a no more succinct definition of prayer. Can the soul desire that the corn crops may not fail? The worst thing about these public prayers of Missouri and Kansas is that their inutility will shake the faith of many good but foolish persons. Their offering cannot be regarded as a faith in the love and fatherhood of God, but rather as an evidence of our distrust of His promise that he will guide us through life a quarreling with the rough road over which he leads, and which is perhaps the most direct and, perhaps, the only one to our eternal home.—Phoenix Republican.

James Woolace has received a copy of the Williams, Arizona, News, a small "fire issue," detailing a severe conflagration at that place, where his wife and children have been staying. There was only one store left in town, and the editor, whose office was destroyed with the rest, showed the characteristic enterprise of the guild by getting out the paper at a town 35 miles distant. Here is the wish of a Michigan journal that Williams may rise from its ashes and that this Arizona newspaper man may overcome his misfortune and prosper as never before.—Morenci (Mich.) Observer.

Kindly remember that job work is cash.

THE SAME DEAR HAND.

The bells ring out a happy sound,
The earth is mantled over with white,
It is the merry Christmas night,
And love and mirth and joy abound,
And here sit you and here sit I—
I should be happiest in the land,
For oh! I hold the same dear hand
I've held for many a year gone by.

It is not withered up with care—
It is as fresh and fair to see—
As sweet to hold and dear to me
As when with chimes upon the air,
On Christmas nights of years ago
I held the same dear little thing,
And felt its soft caresses bring
The flushes to my throbbing brow.

Ah, we were born to never part—
This little hand I hold tonight,
And I—so with strong delight
I press it to my beating heart,
And in the midnight solemn hush,
I bless the little hand I hold—
In broken whispers be it told—
It is the old-time bob-tail flush.

—Exchange.

Easy to Give Up, Loses.

The world is full of people who bemoan their hard luck, and are constantly pitying themselves because fate is against them, because they cannot succeed as other people do. The real cause of their failure is lack of heart. They do not throw their whole souls into their work. They only touch their employment with the tips of their fingers. They do not fling their whole life into their vocations. They are half-hearted, and lack energy, push, perseverance; they have no ambition-fires to melt the obstacles in their pathways, to weld together, into one continuous chain, the links of their efforts, says a writer in Success. Futile endeavor, half-hearted effort, never accomplished anything. It takes the fire of determination, energy, push and good judgment to accomplish that which counts, or life will be a failure. It is the enthusiastic man, with fire in his blood and ginger in his brain that makes things move, and pushes to the front. We see the half-hearted floating aimlessly with every current. They have lost their grip and are pushed aside by the more vigorous and determined; they lost heart and cease struggling, and then they become drifters, and are tossed about on the sea of life.

The remains of Dr. J. Miller, who died in Flagstaff, arrived on this morning's train from the north. Dr. Miller was an honored member of the Arizona Medical association, and the pall-bearers will be Dr. Hughes, Dr. Dameron, Dr. Ward, Dr. Plath, Dr. Martin and Dr. Foss.—Phoenix Republican.

C. W. Waterbury, formerly city operator for the Western Union Telegraph company until the office was destroyed by fire, returned today from Chicago, where he has been since the fatal blaze.